

## Voyeurpleasure by Good Morning Hawkins (quodpersortem)

**Series:** [Voyeurpleasure \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

Billy likes to jerk Steve around a little. They don't need to be touching for that.

(Or: Billy jacks off in front of his bedroom window while Steve watches)

# Voyeurpleasure

## Author's Note:

Thanks to hearteyesharrington for the beta!

After writing, someone informed me a story with a similar premise already existed. I wasn't able to find it, but please know that if it was yours, I did not know of it until I had already finished the bulk of my story and did not intend to plagiarise you in any way.

Steve sighs as he slams the door of his car shut. It's cold outside, it's getting late, and he still has to study for his upcoming English quiz—which is part of the reason he's walking up to the Hargrove residence. Procrastination, staving off the inevitable a little longer as he sulks.

The porch light is the only light turned on and he wonders if anybody's home at all. Someone should be, at the very least Max, whose backpack is heavy in his hand as he slings it over his shoulder. She left it at Dustin's place, and because it's 9pm the kids aren't allowed out anymore, especially since the lab hasn't been demolished yet.

Instead Steve offered to drop it off on his way home. He's not sure if Max has been scolded for forgetting yet—he hopes not. Steve's heard some rumors circulate, hushed whispers among the kids when they didn't think Steve could hear. Dustin even took him apart once. About Max's step-dad, the way he treats her and Billy. Steve doesn't miss the fresh bruises on Billy's body either. He knows their appearances coincide too well with Max's absences from the squad, no matter how often Billy yaps about getting into fights with people.

Billy's Camaro is parked in the driveway, but Steve doesn't see the rusty family car. It leaves him feeling uncomfortably on edge, knowing that Billy might be home alone somewhere in the house, watching Steve, waiting for him, *dangerous* —

And then light flickers on in a room upstairs. Steve looks up at the window, acting on instinct as his pulse rabbits in his throat, and does find Billy there.

He doesn't look like he's ready to fight. Instead he's buck naked and rock hard, smoking and smirking down at Steve as he widens his stance a little, leaning against the windowsill with one hand on his dick and fogging up the glass with his breath.

Steve stops in his tracks and *stares* .

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Billy's listening to music in the dark, lying on his bed, smoking and nursing a bottle of tepid beer. He's naked and hard, slowly teasing himself.

He groans as he spreads his legs a little wider, loosening his fist around his dick on the upstroke. He's getting close; his balls tighten and he takes a couple of deep breaths, tensing his muscles so he won't come yet. His dick twitches hard, once, but then slowly the sharp immediate feeling of arousal ebbs away, leaving him hot and heavy and out of breath. Billy takes a moment to get some saliva back in his mouth, to wet his lips and bite down on them just for good measure.

He reaches his other hand further between his legs, brushes it over his asshole to briefly distract himself from his dick before pressing his palm against his balls. He can't go for a full downstroke yet so he uses his fingers brushing the head and his hips jerk up a little as he moans quietly, breathing hard as he tries to focus on not coming yet. Not yet .

It's something he does sometimes, when he has the time—when his dad has left him and Max home alone and he gets to lock his bedroom door, gets to really take his time for once without worrying about being interrupted.

Then a car's headlights light up his room. They have him startled and off his bed right away; he didn't expect his dad returning home early with Susan, but that means fuck all. He mutters "shit, *shit* ," as he

wipes his hands clean against his sheets and gets off the bed to check, in case he has to run down to Max's room to double-check her presence. Last he checked she was in bed, but he's not going to fuck up again.

That's when he realizes it's not the well-known rattle of the family truck's shitty motor. It sounds more expensive, a little like—

Well , *hello* .

It's Steve Harrington's Bimmer, and it does slow to a stop in front of Billy's place. Billy watches from the shadows as Steve gets out of the car, carrying Max's backpack. *Good thing his dad's not home*, he thinks . He didn't notice she didn't have it on her when she got home. Stupid , *stupid*.

Billy can't worry too much about what-ifs when he can see Steve's face in the soft glow of the porch light. He looks worried, biting down on his lip. It looks alluring enough that Billy's dick twitches hard in his hand, but he ignores it. Instead he feels a rush of satisfaction at Steve's apprehension—he's walking up to the house of the guy that almost beat him to shit, *would* have if Max hadn't intervened with whatever the fuck she gave him. It serves him right.

He remembers their fight well enough, Steve's muscles hard against his arms as he tried to shove Billy off—he remembers Steve's eyes being brown and big, the sneer on his face, and the anger that made him more—well. *Interesting* , Billy supposes. In the sense that he wants to push Steve harder, further, pull him out of his comfort zone to see how he responds.

And Billy's cock throbs, bobbing heavy and hard as it curves up to his stomach. He knows that his cheeks are flushed and his lips are red, because he likes looking at himself in the mirror sometimes.

That's how Billy knows he looks fucking good like this—to chicks, for sure, but perhaps also to a boy like Steve. Because there's something in Steve he thinks he recognizes, that resonates with him, and although he knows he can't think about it too much, he can still *act* on it. Pretend it's nothing more than wanting to fuck that pretty, pretty mouth.

He ignores the thrum of nerves as he reaches out and flicks on the light by his window. Steve's head immediately turns to look up, looking like he's a deer caught in the headlights. Billy smirks as he watches how Steve stops walking, dropping Max' backpack to the floor.

He doesn't open the window, he's not a masochist that way, but he thinks he can see Steve frown. Then his eyes widen and his jaw drops, and Billy laughs because Steve looks so shocked.

He decides to push a little further, brave now that he is antagonizing Steve again and braver because he's still so fucking horny, *so hard* . He spreads his legs a little, puts his cigarette away and leans his arm against the top of the window frame. Then he circles his right hand around his dick, closing his eyes as he allows the feeling to rush through his body again. It's so fucking good he can't help but shiver, grunting quietly. His toes dig into the wooden floor and when he looks down at Harrington, and he's definitely still looking at Billy.

So he jacks off slow as he can without stopping, stepping a little closer to the window so Steve can get a *really* good view of his dick. That alone is enough to nearly get him off—he's always been into someone watching him, appreciating the way he looks—and he squeezes his fingers tight around the base of his cock to stave off the inevitable a little bit longer, wishing he hadn't been close already before Steve showed up.

He thinks about walking downstairs like this and inviting in Steve, he thinks about pushing Steve up against a wall and kissing him so hard their lips bruise, he thinks about sucking a hickey into the curve of his collarbone—

And then he pulls himself back to the present, because this isn't a fantasy. This is Steve Harrington in his front yard and still watching Billy, even as he teases his fingers across the slit to wipe away a bubble of precome.

He lets go so he can lick his fingers clean, sucking them down as deep as he can get them and closing his eyes as he circles his tongue around them, getting them nice and wet.

He puts his knee on the windowsill and starts to fuck his fist this time, back and forth, the tip occasionally brushing across the cold glass until he's so close that it seems like a good idea, *shit* , no, it's the perfect idea to forgo fucking his hand altogether. This way Steve can see better, can see perfectly—the way Steve seems to want to. Billy wants him to, too.

He curls his hands up as he leans against the frame, making sure Steve can see his abs and his arms, his neck as he throws it back when he groans again as he pushes his cock up against the window. The cold glass feels fantastic against his hot dick, the difference in temperature pushing him closer and closer to knife's edge as he's creating a slick spot of precome, fucking his hips forward again and again, *again*.

Until he is teetering on the edge, still desperately trying to keep back his orgasm even as he knows he's gonna come *now* , can't do it forever, his dick twitching in its own slick as his eyes lock with Steve's—

And then he's done for, his dick shooting cum across the window as his body locks up, as he moans too loudly before biting down on his arm in a frantic attempt to muffle the sound, so Max won't hear.

He comes harder than he has in a long, long time. It's fucking *everywhere* .

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Steve thinks he forgot how to move.

Billy is smirking down on him, his window looking disgusting behind handprints and smears of jizz almost all the way up to the top. His own cock is uncomfortably hard in his jeans and he's suddenly glad for the biting cold, for the night surrounding him, so he can keep at least *some* of his dignity intact.

He watches as Billy steps back and draws the curtains shut. Steve doesn't believe for a second that this is the end of the story, and God, he knows he knows he has to walk, forces his muscles back into movement even as it's awkward. Thinks about how good the freezing

air feels as it enters his lungs. His jeans are too fucking tight for this—but when he got dressed this morning, Steve was pretty sure that at eighteen he should be *over* inconvenient hard-ons.

By the time Billy opens the front door, Steve is waiting for him, Max's backpack dangling off his fingers. He's cleared his throat a couple of times, hummed a little to find his voice again, hopefully without Billy hearing how much he's just upended Steve's world.

Billy is wearing underwear and nothing else—the elastic band rides low on his hips and Steve tries not to stare.

"She left this at Dustin's," he says instead, slowly breathing in through his nose and hoping Billy doesn't notice anything is off.

Billy grins. He reaches out and brushes his fingers over Steve's. They are still damp and Steve doesn't know whether Billy took the time to wash his hands at all. He doesn't ask, doesn't *want* to mention it; Steve even ignores the way it tightens the hot coil in his stomach. Instead he looks at Billy's face and thinks that he's lost some of his sharp edge—there's something relaxed to the slope of his shoulders that Steve hasn't seen before.

There is something attractive to the angle of his waist, to the swell of his arms, that he doesn't think he consciously recognized before, but he thinks he does now. That *mother* fucker.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Steve finally says, when the thoughts have processes and he realizes he needs to get home stat.

"See you later," Billy raises one eyebrow at him. It doesn't intimidate Steve the way he now almost wishes it would.

The only reason Steve waits a moment longer is because he thinks Billy's going to say something else, but then the door slams shut in his face, and he's left standing out in the cold.

The porch light is the only light still burning.